Lillie Pozer 1928397

Northern Messenger

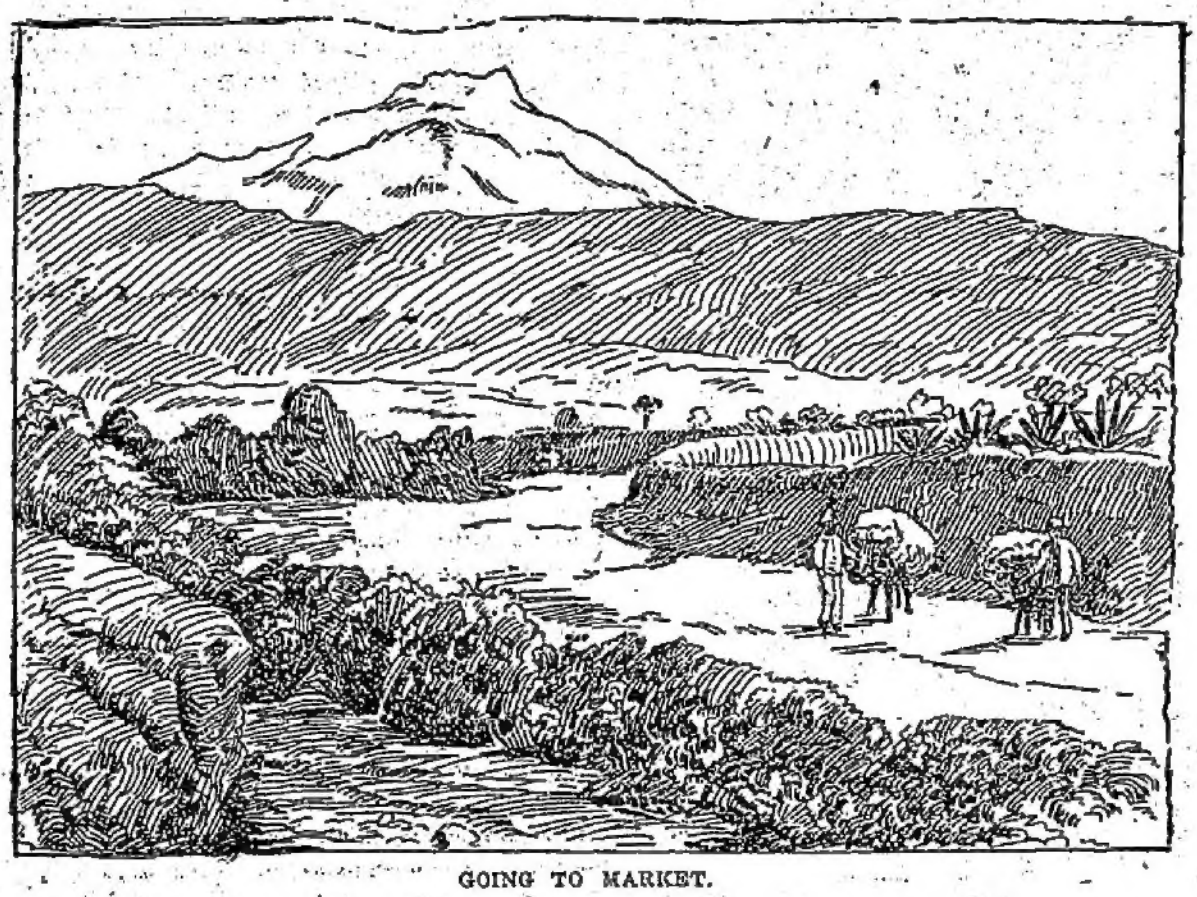
VOLUME XXXII., No. 3. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Life in Mexico.

(Zella A. Dickson in the 'Standard.')

Crossing the bridge at El Paso, Texas, the tourist finds himself in the little frontier city, Ciudad Juarez, and realizes at once that it is no longer the United States, but the dominion over which waves the red, white and green flag of the Mexican republic. There is no gradual shading down from familiar objects to the unusual sights of a foreign land. The change is an immediate and a radical one. On all sides may be seen ranged along the narrow streets the queer, low, oddly constructed adobe houses or mud huts of the Mexicans. These abiding places are well suited to the climate, keeping out the cold winds in the winter and serving as a grateful shelter from the hot sun of summer.

It has been said that it takes two things to make a city in the United States, a post-office and a saloon. Now in Mexico it also takes two things to make a city, a church and a plaza, and go where you will in Mexico you will always find these two features, more or less beautiful in design, according to the size and wealth of the city. At Ciudad Juarez the church is a very old one, built in 1549, in front of which is the charming little plaza containing a statue of Benito Juarez. The plazas are about the only beautiful things in this country which are not walled in, and rightly so, for they belong to the people, are the property of every one, and made especially attractive and inviting that the people may come there in the cool of the evening and sit on the benches amid the profusion of flowers and birds. In the City of Mexico the markets are situated around the plaza. Going to market is one of the trips a tourist never fails to make, for it well repays the effort of early rising. Sunday morning is the great market day in all the cities and villiages. Each trade has its own location, which you can readily imagine greatly sharpens the competition.



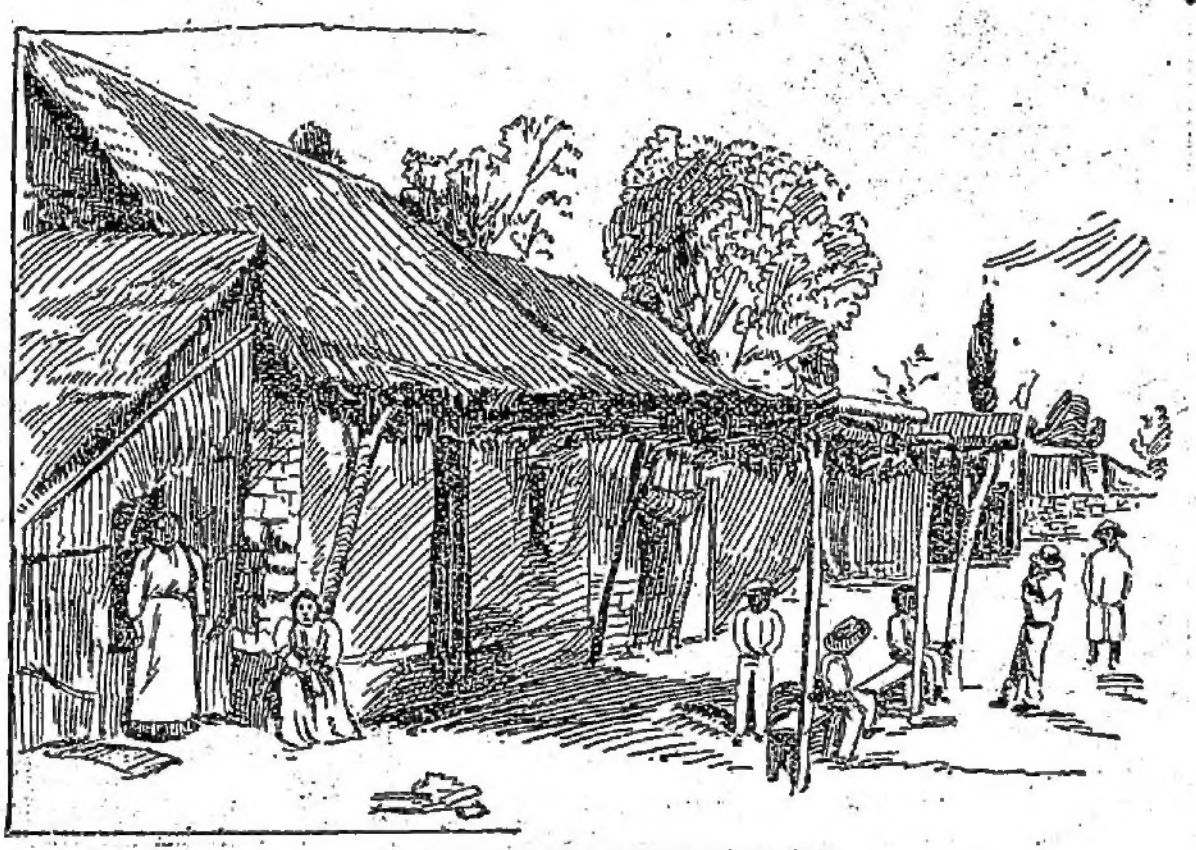
GOING TO MARKET.

Such a confusion of tongues, such screamings and gesticulating while the bargains are being arranged is far easier to imagine than to describe. All street car lines begin and end at the plaza. This fact once mastered by the visitor greatly simplifies the topography of the Mexican cities. In the larger cities of the republic the plazas have on Sunday, as an additional attraction to the people, bands and military parades. One thing which never fails to strike the visitor from other lands as remarkable, is that the soldiers in marching never keep step with each other, even the members of the band, while playing first-class music, and playing it exceedingly well—for all Mexicans are natural musicians—systematically march out of step.

Another attraction of the plaza is the flower market, which is never far from it. Here flowers of all varieties are sold in large quantities for a mere trifle. Bright-eyed native girls beslege the visitor, seldom in vain, to purchase their basket of flowers. Music and the love of flowers are the two strong emotions of the dwellers of Montezuma's land.

Travelling through Mexico from Juarez to the City of Mexico, stopping at Chihuahua, Zacatecas, Grapuato, Tula, Queretaro, the visitor has the opportunity of seeing most if not all the characteristics of the native manners and customs. In the City of Mexico time moves slowly, but it does move. Constant contact with tourists is gradually making the City of Mexico much like any other foreign city, but in the villages of Mexico there is no such thing as time, no past, no future, only the ever present to-day; customs which never change and fashions which never go out of fashion. At Zacatecas some enterprising Yankee brought to his building site some wheelbarrows for the Mexican laborers to use. No amount of Spanish could persuade them to wheel them as we do at home. After filling them each Mexican lifted his load, wheelbarrow and all, on his back, and carried both to the point where the material was needed. After the wheelbarrow was empty it went back again on the back of the laborer for its next trip. It seems to me Mexico might with some propriety be called the back country, so universally do all natives carry their burdens on their backs instead of in their arms—hay, bricks, fruit, babies, boxes, everything goes at once on the back as the natural way of carrying it to its destination.

A burro is the chief possession of every poor Mexican family, and holds the same place of honor in the Mexican household as the pig occupies in the Irish home. It is a common sight to see these sleepy little fellows carrying heavy loads, now of fruit for market, now of firewood for the railway, walking along the narrow streets with the master driver trudging by their sides. The milk-cart of Mexico consists of a little burro, always sound asleep, carrying strapped to either side a huge jar of goat's milk.



STREET SCENE IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE

The milk man follows with a gourd dipper with which to measure the milk.

Chickens are daily seen peddled upon the streets fastened in a coop on the back of a

A HEN-CARRIER.

huacalero—hen-carrier. Most of the villages are agricultural and mining settlements, but what strikes the visitor most remarkably are the old-fashioned methods and implements used in the work. The ploughing is still done as it was a thousand years ago by tearing the ground with a sharp stick pointed with iron, drawn by a pair of oxen. Some American ploughs were taken to Mexico last year, but the Mexican immediately added an improvement by cutting off one of the handles and proceeding as before.

The climate is most delightful, being dry and sunny during the day, but always providing a cool breeze for the evening. Mexicans learn to adjust their work to the climate. Rising early, the work is well started by noon, and the people seek the cool of the adobe house with its mud walls and straw or cornstalk roof, and spend the time in sleep and rest until the cool breeze of the evening calls them forth to the pleasures of the beautiful plaza.

Nothing but the pleasure of personal observation can fully give to one the charming picturesqueness of this people. They are so unlike other foreigners, so unique in their bright dress, so fascinating in their social life, with its gay plazas and famous fiestas, so generous in their response to each other's needs, so gay, so careless, so happy under all conditions, so delightfully indifferent to the things over which we toil until the brows grow wrinkled and time touches with silver the hair, that one must be hard to entertain not to find a sojourn in their beautiful land, guarded by the lovely snow-capped mountains and weird with the life of a tropical land, a wonderful rest and recreation, an inspiration also, to make of life less of the battlefield and more of the peaceful valley through which the streams of helpfulness to others constantly flow.

A Match and a Vow.

In some large iron works near Pittsburg many men were employed about the great blast furnaces, says a writer in the 'Golden Rule.' On a high platform ninety-six feet from the ground three men were employed by shifts night and day, in charging the furnaces.

It seems as if there were something in the nature of this work that conduces to profanity, for of all men these are the most addicted to this vice. On the platform at this particular place one of the men had tacked up a motto that he had secured at some gospel meeting which bore this text: 'O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'

The motto was large and printed in colors on ordinary paper, but it was used as a target to spit at by the men, and soon became so discolored that it was almost illegible. It was also the mark for many a ribald and blasphemous word.

One day the deadly gas that issues from the top of the furnace, and is kept ignited in order to destroy its noxious qualities, became extinguished, and the two men nearest to it inhaled it and perished before the elevator could be sent to their assistance. The third man had one match, and the chance of his being able to ignite the gas in the big escape-pipe was as next to nothing. In despair he glanced about him, and his eyes fell upon the much abused text.

Like a flash a vow was formed in his heart that he would give himself to God if that match and that paper should be the means of saving his life. Instantly he snatched it from the side of the scaffolding, and, having successfully lighted it, reached out and cast it into the gas-pipe, and in the same moment lost consciousness and fell beside his two comrades. A few moments later the elevator came with assistance, and the gas was found burning. Two of the men were dead, but the third lived to carry out his vow. Surely God moves in a mysterious way.—'Gospel News.'

College Work and College Friends.

'Study everything in the curriculum, even if it is irksome and does seem unimportant now,' is one of the many bits of valuable advice 'Ian Maclaren' (Dr. John Watson) gave to the Yale students the other day. That it was far better to do it while in the seminary than afterwards he had, he said, learned by sad experience. Dr. Watson also paid a tender tribute to college friendships and their influence in shaping his life and character. His own college friends were Prof. Henry Drummond, Dr. James Stalker, Prof. George Adam Smith and the Rev. D. M. Ross. These men have met at least once a year since their old college days. On these occasions 'they fish, walk, talk, emulate and freely criticise each other.' They have believed in each other, trusted each other, fought for each other in public, and loved each other supremely.

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

work where other folks are stirring about lively. We all get tumbled up and down in our mind sometimes. John Bunyan said he did, and he was about as good a man as we've heard tell of. Delsie, you're running away from the place the Lord laid out for you. There's nobody that'll do for your Aunt 'Mandy as you have. Your mother thought a sight of her—she was her only sister—and when she died of the fever, your Aunt 'Mandy took you home. You were only a baby, and she has done the best she could for you. It's all because of those infirmities of the flesh she's got that she's so trying. What would any of us be if we'd been bedridden for ten years? It takes more strength of character and Christian grace to have staying power than it does going power, child. Hadn't you better get right off here and run back to your work, cross the lots, slip up the back stairs and take off your Sunday clothes, put on your workaday dress again, and kneel down and ask Him to give you staying power? There are lots of folks' names written up in heaven who never made any noise in the world—folks like you that are set off in corners and lonely places, doing some important work for the Lord, of a kind that don't set 'em up much, may be, but they'll be better known by-and-by. Want to get off, Delsie?'

'Yes, Mr. Davis; I guess I'd better go back and try to stick to my place a spell longer.'

'Pray for staying power, Delsie. I'll bring your bag around when I come from the station to-night.'

Two years passed—Aunt 'Mandy had accomplished her warfare with the ills of the flesh. The small amount of property left had been willed to Delsie, but it was going to be necessary for her to earn something to add to it. The place was advertised to be sold at auction, and Delsie sat alone the evening before the sale, wondering what she was going to do. A knock at the door caused her to look up and see the old stage-driver standing on the threshold.

'Good evening, Delsie. I came around to tell you about two lady passengers I had to-day. They came from the city and are going to bid on this place to-morrow, and make what they call a "Working Girls' Rest" of it. They asked me if I could recommend any good young woman who would take charge of it for 'em; they said somebody that had a faculty for getting along with folks' odd ways and peculiarities. I told 'em, "Delsie Downs is just the one for you. She's got lots of staying power in her."'

And that is the way that the name of Delsie Downs has become, during the past few years, so sweet to many a weary city worker who found new strength and cheer by a few weeks' stay at 'Good Rest.' Her corner of the earth is no more a lonely, unknown one. It is one of God's beautiful hospices, which make the way to the Celestial City so much easier for many a travel-worn pilgrim.—'American Messenger.'

Many Gods.

('Dayspring.')

One of the strangest things in all the world to me is that intelligent, grown-up men and women can worship the absurd things they do—cows, and snakes, and monkeys, and such hideous looking idols—they are so frightful and repulsive that those who worship them live in constant fear of them; and yet, as you and I know, they are perfectly helpless. I once read a story about a little boy and an idol which was like this:

'Sheosahai, the Brahman, stood in his straw-thatched cottage gazing on the image of Krishna, the dark god, which for centuries he and his fathers had worshipped. His young son, Sheo Deo, who from his birth had been paralyzed in his limbs, lay on his mat near, and thus addressed his father:

'"O father! the time for pujah (worship) has come. Why do you not prostrate yourself before Krishna?"

'Sheosahai made reply: "My son, I was at the mela (fair) yesterday, and there was a man preaching; and I stood to listen, and his words have troubled my soul. He said that thousands of years ago the mighty God came down upon a mountain in fire and smoke, and that from the midst of the fire and smoke a terrible voice gave this command, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them!' I would fain have cast dust at the speaker, and yet his words clung to my soul; for he spoke as one who knows that he speaks the truth."

'"Was the great God of whom he told the God of the Christians?" asked Sheo Deo, who had heard something of their religion before.

'"The same," replied his father. "And the preacher went on to say that in England thousands of years ago men bowed down to idols, and worshipped the work of their own hands, and then the people were feeble and few; but the nation has long since cast away idols, and now men read their holy books and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore England is mighty, and a blessing rests on the land."

'"O father, do you not fear the wrath of Krishna, when he hears you repeat such words?" cried Sheo Deo, looking up in alarm at the painted image. Sheosahai made no reply; he turned and slowly left the hut. Perhaps the thought arose in his heart, "Has Krishna power to hear them?" After his father's departure, Sheo Deo lay still on his mat (from which he could not move), and often he gazed up at the idol, and turned over in his mind the strange words which his father had heard.

THE IDOL KRISHNA.

'Presently there came a terrible storm—the thunder roared above like the noise of a thousand cannons, and fierce lightnings flashed from the darkened sky; the whole earth seemed to tremble with the fury of the great tempest. "Was it in a storm like this," thought Sheo Deo, "that the awful voice was heard from the mountain, 'Thou shalt make no graven image?'" Then came a more terrible crash than Sheo Deo had ever before heard, and the moment after there was the smell of burning, and then the glare of fire above. Lo! the lightning had struck the hut, and the thatch was burning over the head of the wretched boy, who, paralyzed as he was, could not even crawl out of the burning dwelling.

'The red light glared on the image of Krishna. To the terrified Sheo Deo it seemed almost as if the idol had life. "Help me! save me! oh, save thy worshipper, great Krishna!" he cried, while the heat around him grew more and more fearful, even as that of a furnace. But the image stirred not, heard not; the sparks were kindling upon it. Then, in the agony of his terror, the poor Hindu bethought him of the Christian's powerful God. Even in the presence of his idol, he clasped his hands and uttered the cry, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if thou canst, save me; oh, save me!"

'At that moment Sheosahai burst into the blazing hut. The Brahman looked at his helpless boy lying on the mat, and then on the idol which he had so long worshipped. He had no time to save both. Which should be leave to the devouring flames? Only one day previously the Hindu might have hesitated in making his choice; but he did not hesitate now. He caught up his son in his arms; he bore him forth from the fiery furnace. "If Krishna be a god, he will save himself," muttered the Brahman. The hut was soon burned to ashes, and the idol lay a heap of cinders within it.

'Sheo Deo lived; and in the following year, after much instruction from the missionary, he and his father received the water of baptism, believing that which is written in the Holy Scriptures: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."'

The Touch of a Flower.

One, two, three, four! Mr. S., the ship-builder, started from his seat at his office-table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm air. The noise of clinking iron and of workman's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. 'His, all his—the piles of steel and copper—the unfinished hulks of many vessels'—yes, even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen—a thousand or more—were his also, to work, to toil, to slave in winter's cold and summer's sun that his wealth might grow from great to greater year by year. What matter to him the noise and the heat? At the ship-yard gate his daughter waits in the carriage, and he would join her and roll away swiftly from the tumult and unsightliness to the coolness of the green parks.

Some one came in to ask a final order; in five minutes thus consumed Gertrude and the roses did their part.

'Thomas,' said she to the coachman as she waited in the open barouche, fair and sweet to see in her summer toilet with the bunch of roses on her breast, 'Can the men down there stop hammering if they're awfully tired or warm?'

'La, no, Miss!' answered the coachman with an amused smile. 'It's work day in and day out steady, or no bread for 'em.'

Just then a tired looking workman came very near to the shining wheels as he half staggered back to his place among the others. Gertrude leaned forward, and before Thomas could enter a vigorous objection, her clear young voice was saying:

'I am so sorry you are tired! Would you like my roses?'

The young girl unpinned the bunch on her breast and held them, sweet and fair, out to the bewildered man. He took them with a muttered blessing.

'Papa,' she said, a minute later, as they rolled away towards the boulevards, 'I'm thinking.'

'When we go to Newport,' she asked a minute later, 'what does Hays do with all the flowers?'

'I'm sure, Gertrude, I can't answer that; I suppose they bloom and die. He always has orders to keep up the house and grounds as well as if we were at home. Are you thinking of any of your pet plants now?'

'No; I was thinking how many must be wasted in our garden. O, papa, could I—could I give them to the men? Not I, you know, for I won't be here, but somebody. That man was so glad to get the roses to carry home!'

Then the whole little story came out.

At first Mr. S. laughed and teased and called the whole thing impracticable, absurd, and told Gertrude to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen. But the days went on, so did Gertrude's pleading go on with them.

'Just let Hays cut the flowers he does not really need, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away.'

'A pretty story for me to be giving my men bouquets!' said Mr. S.

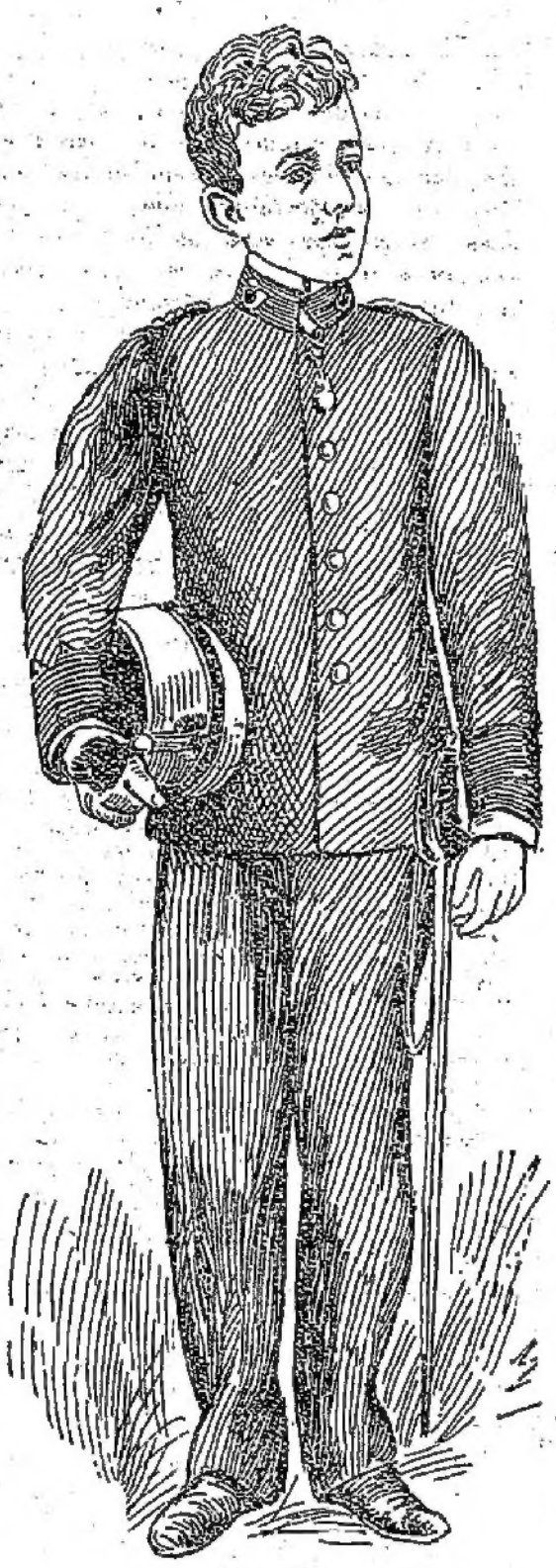
Nevertheless, one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock-boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with distinct orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gertrude.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word, 'gave out the flowers for Miss Gertrude,' and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

People said those flowers worked wonders all that year. When the mutterings of strikes and uproar ran rife through the land, all was quietness and peace at the ship-yards. Perhaps there floated the sweet incense of those summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned the lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, great or humble, rich or poor, can be helped to higher and nobler living.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Young King of Spain.

Spain is attracting more attention now than it has since the times immediately succeeding the revolution, after Queen Isabella abdicated the throne in 1870. The insurrection in Cuba, which has lasted two years, and the one in the Philipine Islands, which commenced about six months ago, together with the action taken by privateers and persons who are citizens of the United States, in helping the Cuban insurgents, have afforded topics of interest which Spain does not generally provide.



The little King Alfonso XIII. of Spain is aiding the attempt to convert England to Catholicism—not by a modern Armada but by subscribing to the new Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster. The Spanish Court has given many gifts to the building. The Queen Regent has subscribed handsomely to the fund, and the King himself has not only presented Cardinal Vaughan, who went to Spain in search of funds, with a magnificent chalice and jewels, but has undertaken to erect a chapel in the cathedral, which will be 'dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament.' The King is over ten years old having been born on May 17, 1886, shortly after the death of his father, Alfonso XII., he being as far as history records, the only monarch who was born a king. There was at one time a fear that the dynasty would be overthrown and a republic proclaimed, but the Queen Regent Maria Christina has devoted herself so assiduously to the business of government and the training of her son that she is universally beloved. The King, who has not yet succeeded to the throne, is not very robust, and the utmost care is taken of him by his devoted mother. His chief delight seems to be that favorite toy of boy monarchs—a regiment of boys, which he drills and exercises with the gravity of a Moltke. Fervent prayer should be offered for Spain and its young monarch, that he and his people may become enlightened Christians.—'Christian Herald.'

The Story of an Express Robber.

(By John S. Reese.)

'Ten thousand dollars!'

'The express office entered last night and that amount stolen.'

'No clue to the thief.'

This was the news that startled the people of a leading city of Ohio one morning some years ago.

When the express agent arrived at his office, he discovered that the place had been entered during the night, and the safe opened. The news soon spread over the entire city, but no one could give the slightest clue to the guilty party. Detectives were at once put to work on the case, and in a few days an arrest was made.

The person charged with the crime was a young man, a resident of the city, who had always been highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances; in fact, he was regarded as a model young man with good business attainments and bright prospects for the future. He had no trouble in obtaining bail, and was soon at liberty again to await his trial.

'Guilty! No, Joe is not guilty of such a crime. His trial will prove him innocent from the start.' Such were the remarks of his friends on all sides.

The time for his trial came. The most able lawyers of that region were secured to defend the character of this young man. The court-room was crowded to its fullest capacity daily during the continuance of the trial. There was not the slightest thought in the mind of anyone there that he was guilty, and his many friends and relatives were always on hand to encourage him in the hope for a speedy acquittal.

When the judge read the charge, a deep silence prevailed, and all eyes were directed to the young man. His face grew pale, but with a clear and distinct voice he answered, 'Not guilty!'

As the trial continued, it was learned that the express office had been entered through the door, which had been unlocked by a duplicate key. That key had been made by a locksmith in the city a few days before the burglary from a pattern left at his shop by a young man who called again for it the same day.

But who was that young man? Could

BOYS AND GIRLS

Percy's Father.

(By James Buckham, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Well, well. If there isn't father!'

Percy Tuttle, arm in arm with Clifford Hill,—both of the Alpha Mu Society in the State University,—stopped short, halting his companion, at the end of the railway station platform. An elderly, somewhat stiff-jointed gentleman was slowly descending the steps of one of the cars, detaining a group of merry young people who were behind him. He looked 'decidedly rural,' to use a glossed term—'countrified' would have been the out-and-out truth of it.

Percy Tuttle had secretly hoped that his good father would never take it into his head to visit the University simply because he had a boy there. But, of all times, that he should have put in an appearance on Clifford Hill should have caught him in the very act of acknowledging such a father!

'Well, father,' said Percy, walking up to the confused old man, who evidently did not know which way to turn next, "so you've come." The boy's tone was cold and reproachful, but his father's face lighted with joyful recognition.

'How are ye, Percy, how are ye?' he cried, grasping his son's hand warmly. 'I'm glad to see ye, my boy! Thought I'd just run up to Founder's Day and give ye a little pleasant su'prise.'

'Yes, it is a surprise,' admitted Percy unresponsively. 'How is mother?'

'Oh, she's just as pert as usual. I wanted her to come along, too; but she said she wouldn't risk her neck on a railway train for the hull University and the Agricultural College thrown in to boot. Ella's first-rate, too; but the speckled hen's due to come off with a brood of chicks out of a fancy sittin' to-night and she naturally didn't feel as if she ought to leave.'

WELL, FATHER, SO YOU'VE COME.

Percy did not seem interested or even amused. He only wished, grimly, that fear of the cars or domestic cares had availed to keep his father at home also. But now that his father was there, he would have to make the best of it, he thought—or, rather, the least of it. He would keep his relative in the background as much as possible.

'We'll take a car up the hill, I guess,' said Percy, reluctantly lifting his father's old-fashioned carpet-bag.

Poor, foolish boy! Let us not judge him too harshly at the outset. He had his mistaken and unlovely notions of life, to be sure; but they were natural to his callow age, and very real to him while they lasted.

After the car had started Mr. Tuttle chanced to look up at the register, upon which the conductor had rung ten fares. 'Two o'clock, eh?' he exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the car. 'Why! I didn't s'pose it was noon yet!'

Percy blushed scarlet. There was a repressed titter among the passengers,—though one rude man laughed out loud,—and all the way up the hill people were turning in their seats and looking out of the windows, or making superfluous use of their handkerchiefs.

When his father was once safely hidden in his room at the old 'Mill,' Percy drew a deep sigh of relief. 'Now, father,' he said, 'I wish you'd make yourself at home here for a while. I have some arrangements to make for the day, but will be back before dinner-time.'

Then he slunk off across the campus to the 'college grove,' and sat down under a tree to face the situation and consider what he had better do. He had invited a young lady to the chapel exercises in the afternoon and the reception in the evening. By good rights, of course, he ought to conduct his father through these functions. Should he go and explain the situation to the young lady and get excused? Or should he still cling to his own anticipated pleasure, and make some less filial and satisfactory arrangement for his parent? The struggle between selfishness and duty raged fiercely for ten minutes. Then, we must do Percy the credit to say, his better nature triumphed, though not in the noblest and sweetest spirit and he started for the home of Miss Brown to explain the state of affairs.

Midway across the campus he encountered Clifford Hill again.

'Where are you bound?' asked Clifford.

The tone was so sympathetic, and Clifford's arm felt so friendly across his shoulders, that Percy made a clean breast of his predicament. Then he ventured, hesitatingly, 'Miss Brown is an awfully nice girl, Cliff, and—and if you haven't invited anybody else, I'm sure she'd—you see, I don't want to leave her in the lurch.'

'Bless your solicitious heart, Percy!' cried his friend. 'No; you escort Miss Brown, and I'll take charge of your father.'

'You!' exclaimed Percy in amazement. He looked up to see whether Clifford were not joking. The proposition seemed incredible. This stylish, admired, clever young fellow—by all odds the particularly bright and shining light of the 'tony' Alpha Mus—escorting his countrified father about in the dazzling glare of Founder's Day functions!

'You don't mean it!' he declared incredulously.

'I do mean it,' said his friend quietly. 'I have a dear old father at home, of whom your father reminds me. I would give anything if my father could be here to enjoy Founder's Day—and how he would enjoy it too! Dear father! he is just as quaint as yours, Percy. How he loves his boys (there are three of us), and how interested he is in everything that concerns them! I could see the same admiring love in your father's eyes when he was looking at you to-day. It made my heart go out to him. I should just enjoy taking him around with me everywhere and giving him the very best time he has had since he was a boy. If you'll let me, Percy, I'll do it. It would be a real pleasure to me.'

Percy's face had been a study while his friend was speaking. Astonishment, shame, love, tenderness, pity, resolve, had swept over it in successive waves, leaving it now scarlet, now pale. As Clifford ceased, and

turned eagerly to his companion, he saw a tear, a real, swelling, boyish tear, trickling down the young man's cheek.

'O Cliff!' was all the poor fellow could say, his voice was so choked by rising sobs. How different it all looked to him now! What an ingrate he had been, to think for a moment of being ashamed of his dear old, devoted father, and putting him aside in selfish contempt! What a contrast between the filial picture Clifford Hill had drawn, out of his loving, sincere heart, and the picture Percy had imagined, of his disappointed, grieved father kept in the background, or conducted to the exercises by another student, while the unworthy son took his pleasure in the society of a comparative stranger, and strove by pitiful subterfuges to avoid confessing the family relationship!

Clifford Hill accompanied his friend across the campus, wisely saying nothing, but keeping his sympathetic arm across Percy's heaving shoulders.

'God bless you, Cliff!' said Percy, tremulously, as they parted. 'You have preached me a living sermon that I'll never forget!'

He went up to his room, and found his tired father asleep in the luxurious easy chair, the very chair he had given Percy on the young man's last birthday. Reverently and tenderly the son touched his lips to the old man's thin white hair. Then he slipped away and went over to Miss Brown's.

. . . . . .

'I tell you I never had such a good time in my life!' declared Mr. Tuttle on his return home. 'Percy just laid himself out to make me proud and happy,—introduced me to the president, took me to all the goings-on, brought his friends in to see me, had me eat with his chums at the club-house, and almost cried when I told him he was the best and faithfullest boy a father ever had. You were always right about Percy, ma. He's bound to be something extra,—either president of the United States, or president of the University and State Agricultural College, I don't know which.'

A Psalm for New Year's Eve.

Oh, New Year, teach us faith!
The record of life is hard;
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith, 'Make straight paths for your feet,' and to the oppressed,
'Come to me, and I will give you rest.'

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love, special, close, in which like sheltered dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine,

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

The New Leaf.

'Oh, yes, I know the New Year. I'll tell you all about it. It's a good time to "turn over a new leaf," dear children.' I'll just tell you what I think, fellows. This anniversary business is a clear humbug! If you have a birthday or any other special day, it's a good time to turn over a new leaf. I'm sick of that new leaf. They began about it when we were little kids, and have kept it up ever since. It's a plain piece of paper just like the old leaf, and you'll write on it just what you've learned to write on anything.'

They were five boys on a street corner after Sunday-school. The voluble and energetic speaker was perhaps sixteen years old. The others, somewhat younger, were standing in various attitudes, every one of them with the comfortable atmosphere of home and care about him.

'How old must a "kid" be before he ceases to improve in writing?' asked a quiet voice behind them. It was their pastor; but they loved him, and were not afraid of him.

'Fellows get tired of the same thing year after year, sir,' said Carl, the spokesman.

'Food, for instance? or, perhaps, clothes.

'Well, of course, you know I mean exhortations and—and—nagging.'

The pastor planted his back against the lamp-post, and looked at them with the earnest, kindly eyes they all knew so well.

'I heard one of you say that before another year he would conquer those parallel bars.'

The pastor looked nowhere in particular, so he did not see Carl's quick color.

'I heard another say he hoped '87 would find him in college. Ah, my dear boys, it is not the anniversary, or the hopes and questions that trouble you. It is the "spiritual things." It is the unspoken wish to use the muck rake, like the man in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' groveling in the things about you, and never looking up. Boys, throw away that muck-rake!'

And without another word the pastor left them, and they went to their homes. Is that a muck-rake in your hand?—American Paper.

The Minister's Son.

(By the Rev. Alfred Rowland, LL.B., B.A., in 'Sunday Companion.')

He was the son of a well-known minister. A black-haired, bright-faced lad—up to any sort of fun, and popular among his comrades. In business, however, where I first met him, he always kept an eye on the main chance, and, to use a more recent phrase, was decidedly 'pushful.' In our small debating society he was a leader, for he was ready of speech, while many of us floundered hopelessly through sheer nervousness.

For years I lost sight of him, and occasionally wondered what had become of him and other boy companions. My eyes were unexpectedly opened. One night at a social gathering held in connection with my church, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man made his way to me through the crowd and abruptly asked me if I remembered him. I was sorry to confess that I did not.

'Why,' said he, 'don't you recollect H—M—?'

'To be sure, I do,' said I. And then, with a warm handgrip, I added: 'I'm glad indeed to meet you again, and see that you have prospered.'

'Yes, I should rather think I have; but I don't suppose you would quite approve of my line, because you are a parson. The fact is, I'm a professional bookmaker. A few weeks ago I came to live in —— House'—mentioning one of the largest in the neighborhood. 'I'm afraid that I'm not quite one of your sort. I don't go to church or chapel myself, but I like my children to go, and have applied for sittings in your place because they seem to have taken a fancy for it.'

'After what you have told me I must withdraw my remark,' I said looking him straight in the eyes. 'You have not "prospered" as I hoped.'

He broke out into a merry laugh, and then told me how it was that he had taken to the turf. In brief his story was this:

When in a London warehouse a sweepstakes was got up among the young fellows there. As he did not like to be out of anything going on, he joined in it. Unfortunately for himself, he won a considerable sum of money. From that time he betted frequently, and with considerable success. He made himself familiar with the sporting papers, and with sporting men, secured tips from those 'in the know,' and again and again was put on a 'good thing.'

Then he threw up his humdrum warehouse life, went in for the chances of the turf, and soon won a reputation for smartness and success among the betting fraternity. For several years he had lived lavishly, and was evidently flush of money when I saw him.

A few months passed, and then came the inevitable crash. Luck, as he would call it, went against him. With startling suddenness his creditors were down on his furniture and belongings, and he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

I could find no trace of him or of his family, and those I inquired of told me, with a grim smile, that they probably had better reason for mourning his loss than I had. He had completely gone out of sight, as many another has done in the whirlpool of London life.

It was nearly a year before I heard anything more of the sequel. Unknown to me, he applied for help to certain good friends of his and of mine, and they, with a kindness which is more often displayed than pessimists believe, had raised a sum of over three hundred pounds for the benefit of his children. This they refused to make over until he had most solemnly promised that he would not risk a single penny of it on the turf.

Alas! the old habit proved too strong for a man who had spurned the grace of God, which alone could have made him victorious. He argued with himself that with his past experience and professional knowledge, he might quickly transform the hundreds into thousands, and he doubtless resolved that if he did succeed he would start in some honest business with the proceeds.

He put his money on a certain horse, and lost every penny of the sum contributed for his children in less than a fortnight after receiving it. A few weeks later, he died in an obscure lodging, utterly bare of furniture, surrounded by starving children, and before any of us heard of it he was buried in a pauper's grave. It is no wonder that some of us who have such terrible incidents brought before us, in the sphere of our own observation, should protest in desperate earnest against the gambling mania, which ruined him and threatens the ruin of thousands.

of the work, just because she is obliging.

'I will always be pleasant to everybody—'

'Dora, mamma wants you—'

'Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!'

'Mamma wants you to see to Freddie.'

'Oh, dear! Why can't you?'

'I've got to go down to the post-office.'

'Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?'

'All done,' said Agnes, with a little smile that had no trace of superiority in it.

'But I meant to come and wipe them,' said Dora, with a flush.

'Never mind,' said Agnes, 'I knew you were busy.'

Dora followed her sister down-stairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting-room were dusted. Dick was eating fresh seed with great relish, and it was ten o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block house, Dora slipped up-stairs and brought down her paper of 'New Year's Resolutions' and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

'I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as Aggie does, and do everything I see that needs to be done, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!'—'Youth's Companion.'

Two Christmas-Trees.

It only wanted a week to Christmas, and Nellie, Frankie and Campbell C. were sitting round the school-room fire, talking of coming holidays and the Christmas-tree.

'O,' said Nellie, 'mother is going to buy the things for our tree to-morrow—such lovely balls and silvery things, and dolls, sweets, everything!'

'Yes,' added Frankie, 'and boys' things, too—knives, tops——'

Just then the door opened, and the children's grown-up sisters came in, bright and fresh after their walk from the Children's Hospital. It had been their visiting day, and, as usual, Nellie and the boys had questions to ask after the 'cases' in which they were most interested.

'Poor little Charlie is worse,' said sister Janie. 'The doctors say he cannot live long. When we asked him what he would like most for Christmas, he said he should like a Christmas-tree, for he had never seen one, and the ward he is in is the only one that has no promise of a tree.'

'O, mother,' broke in Nellie, as Mrs. C. entered the room, 'won't you give a tree to sisters' poor hospital children?'

'Certainly,' replied her mother; 'but if I do, you children must give all the ornaments. You know I give every child in the hospital a good gift, and though I will gladly give a tree too, I cannot do more.'

Nellie's face was a study; she had very little money—not nearly enough for what was needed.

There was silence for a while, then Mrs. C. said:

'Listen, my children. You know every year I buy so much for our home tree. I will do so again, and you and the boys can give as much as you like, from what I get, to the hospital tree.'

'That's lovely!' said Frankie, 'let's give half!'

The next night the big drawing-room was strewn over with all manner of toys, half of which were duly set aside for the hospital tree. Now and again when there were only three of a kind, there was a debate as to whether one or two should go for the little sufferers, but in the end the bigger share was reserved for the hospital.

On Christmas-Eve, Nellie, and her brothers were allowed to go and help to prepare the hospital tree. There was great excitement in the ward, and much curiosity when the tree was taken in, but still more when two of the doctors carried in two big clothes-horses for screens, while the work of dressing the tree went on. Last of all the lights were fixed on and lit. Then the nurses told the children 'to shut their eyes one minute,' the screens were removed, and there stood the beautiful tree, crowded with all sorts of pretty, glittering things, and by it a table on which Santa Claus had put a nice present for each child.

The children were highly delighted to see 'Father Christmas' dressed like an old man; but it was not difficult to find out that he was one of the young doctors.

It was hard to say who was happier, Nellie and her brothers, or the dear little sick children; but I do know that when the other tree was lighted on the following night, Nellie whispered to me:

'I think our own tree this year is better than ever, and more like a real tree should be, 'cause it's not all hidden with things, and there was plenty for two.'

Yes, I thought, how many homes would be brighter and better if there were kindly deeds done in them, and something spared for those who have nothing, and whose hearts are sad because nobody cares for them.—'Sunday Scholar's Treasure.'

The Boat for Slumberland.

There's a boat that leaves at half-past six
From the busy port of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths
And the boatman begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet
(Like a mother's lullaby)
That the travellers smile and close their eyes
To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travellers tarry too long
In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,
And grieves at their delay.

But they come at last to the rocking boat,
Which bears them down the stream,
And drifts them to the slumberland
To rest and sleep and dream.

The name of that boat is Rock-a-bye,
And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the patient boatman, dear,
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now, what is the fare a traveller pays
On a Rock-a-bye boat like this?
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,
For it's only a good-night kiss.
—'Little Men and Women.'

LESSON I.—JANUARY 7.

The Birth of Jesus.

Luke ii., 1-6. Memory verses 8-11.

Daily Readings.

M. Prince of Peace. Isa. 9: 6.
T. Good Tidings. Isa. 40: 11.
W. Son of God. Mk. 1: 1-8, 40.
T. Light of Men. Jn. 1: 1-15.
F. Grace and Truth.Jn. 1: 17.
S. Wonderful. Isa. 1: 1-12.

Lesson Text.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (2.) And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. (3.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city, (4.) And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) (5.) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. (6.) And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. (7.) And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. (8.) And there was in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. (9.) And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. (10.) And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. (11.) For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. (12.) And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. (13.) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God and saying, (14.) Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. (15.) And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known to us. (16.) And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.'—Matt. 1., 21.

Lesson Hymn.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me:
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth camest Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
—E. E. S. E.

Suggestions.

Luke, 'the beloved physician,' writer of the third gospel and the book of Acts, was—a Greek. He does not claim to have been an eye witness from the beginning of the life of Christ, but to have obtained all his information from the most reliable of such witnesses. This Gospel was probably written about A.D. 60.

The first chapter of this book is full of poetry and contains an account of the birth of John the Baptist, fore-runner of the Messiah. The second chapter contains an account of the birth and boyhood of Jesus the Messiah.

Caesar Augustus, the first emperor of Rome and its possesions, sent out a decree that a census should be taken of all the people of his empire. Every man must go to his ancestral city and there be enrolled with his family. The genealogical tables of every good Jewish family were strictly kept. Joseph with Mary his betrothed, both of the house of David, went up from Nazareth to Bethlehem the family city of David's descendants.

When they arrived there they found that the city was so crowded that they could find no shelter but a stable. So they stayed there for some days, one of which was the first Christmas day—for the long promised Messiah, the King of glory came to earth that day in the form of a tiny babe nestling in the happy arms of the loving Mary. The Son of God became also the Son of man that day, that he might through death redeem man from the awful consequences of sin.

There was no room for them in the inn, the Son of man came to seek that which was lost and in no way did he put his earthly estate above the poorest and meanest. God could have sent his Son into the richest family of kings or emperors, but he chose the deepest of poverty that he might be able to sympathize with every condition of mankind. Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea so as to fulfil the prophecy of Micah (v., 2.)

That night, as a number of shepherds were guarding their flocks out in the pastures, they were suddenly surprised by a glorious light shining round them. While they sat fearing and wondering, the angel of the Lord spoke bidding them fear not but rejoice, and told them the glorious news of the birth of a Saviour, the Messiah so long promised. Then, as though a little peep into heaven was given, the shepherds heard a mighty host of angls praising God and proclaiming peace on earth.

When the glorious sight and sounds were past, the shepherds with one accord set out for Bethlehem, where they found the Babe whose birth the angels had proclaimed with such joy.

The Bible Class.

The Saviour—Isa. xliii., 3, 11; lxiii., 8, 9: John iv., 4: Acts v., 30-32; xiii., 22, 23: Phil. iii., 20: I. Tim. iv., 10: Titus i., 3, 4; ii., 13, 14; iii., 4-6: II. Pet. iii., 18: I. John iv., 14.

Saving—Matt. viii., 25, 26; xiv., 30-32: xviii., 11: xxvii., 42: Luke vii., 50; xviii., 42, 43: John xii., 47: I. Tim. i., 15: Titus iii., 5: Acts ii., 22; iv., 12: Heb. vii., 25.

Suggested Hymns.

'It came upon the midnight clear,' 'Hark the herald angels sing,' 'Joy to the world,' 'Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem came,' 'Once in royal David's city,' 'Hail to the Lord's Anointed,' 'As with gladness men of old,' 'Brightest and best,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.'

C. E Topic.

Mon., Jan. 1. Pray always. Eph. 6: 18.
Tues., Jan. 2. Pray expecting a reply. John 16: 24.
Wed., Jan. 3. Pray Jesus' prayer. Matt. 6: 9-13.
Thu., Jan. 4. Pray for all. 1 Tim. 2: 1.
Fri., Jan. 5. Pray for the church. Matt 9: 38
Sat., Jan. 6. Pray for the Holy Spirit. Eph. 3: 16.
Sun., Jan. 7. Topic—How and for what does God want us to pray? Luke 11: 5-13.

Rev. Joseph Dare, in an address befre the English Wesleyan Conference, gave the following incident as illustrating the prevalence of family prayer among the converted cannibals of the Fiji Islands. He said while taking tea with a missionary and his wife on the island of Kandaon in the midst of ten thousand Fijians, the bell rang. The missionary said. 'That is the signal for family worship. Now listen you will hear the drum beat.' And immediately they began to echo to each other around the shores of that southern sea. The missionary said that there were ten thousand people on the island, and he did not know of a single house in which there was not then held family devotions. What an example this to old Christian communities! What would be the influence and enlargement of the church if every professedly Christian family were such a sanctuary of daily Divine worship! How easily would children come into and abide in the church? —'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

Opium Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER V.—EFFECTS OF OPIUM.

1. Q.—Does a confirmed opium eater suffer any pain?

A.—The horrible sufferings of the confirmed opium eater are beyond expression. The habit holds the system in shackles of steel.

2. Q.—How does opium affect the general system?

A.—The system becomes weak and prostrated, fainting fits become frequent, and palpitation attacks the heart. The secretions are checked, and every gland seems to be in a state of repose.

3. Q.—Is the appetite affected?

A.—The appetite is impaired, digestion is imperfect, the bowels are constipated and the patient becomes emaciated.

4. Q.—Does opium affect the nervous system?

A.—It affects every fibre of the nervous system to such a degree that a person's will power is completely shattered.

5. Q.—What effect has opium upon the spinal nerves?

A.—The effect of opium on the spinal nerves is direct and forcible. It paralyzes motor activity, and causes a thickening of solids in the blood.

6. Q.—How does opium affect other organs of the body?

A.—The red blood discs do not carry enough oxygen; muscular force is impaired, the pupils of the eyes are contracted, the mouth is hot and parched, and the pulse becomes light and quick.

7. Q.—How do the lips and eyes appear?

A.—The lips have a death-like whiteness, while dark circles appear under the eyes.

8. Q.—What is the usual cause of death in the opium eater?

A.—The blood coagulates in the small blood-vessels of the brain, and thus produces convulsions and death.

9. Q.—How does opium intemperance affect the mind?

A.—Thought is perverted, the mind wanders, delusions and hallucinations are common. The intellect and moral sense of right and wrong are deadened.

10. Q.—What is the chief sign of perversion of the mind in opium eaters?

A.—Untruthfulness. The word of an opium eater can never be relied upon, partly because he does not know how much that he thinks and sees is delusive and how much is real.

11. Q.—Are all the faculties of the mind impaired?

A.—They are; the memory is gone, and duty is usually forgotten. If a man, the opium drunkard neglects business, forgets to pay his bills, or pays them twice, and brings financial ruin upon himself. If a woman, her house, husband, and children are neglected.

12. What are the first effects of leaving off the drug?

A.—The sufferer becomes depressed and anxious, one moment he is burning with fever, the next shivering with cold.

Perspiration streams from him, neuralgic pains torture him from head to foot, and he seems a network of nerves, all throbbing with pain.

13. Q.—What follows?

A.—Vomiting and diarrhoea set in, torture becomes too great for human being to bear, and delirium follows.

14. Q.—How must a person in this condition be treated?

A.—Not like a person responsible for his acts, but one with a diseased body and mind, which must be cured by the most careful treatment.

'For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Rom. vi., 23.

the locksmith identify the person? Was it the prisoner at the bar, or was it some one who looked like him?

The locksmith in testifying became very much excited and confused. He was cross-examined as follows:

'Would you know the man if you saw him now?' asked the attorney.

'Yes,' replied he.

The prisoner was requested to rise, and the attorney continued, 'Is this the man for whom you made the key?'

'He looks like him.'

'Yes, but don't you think you might be mistaken in his looks, or he might merely resemble the true criminal?'

'I don't think I am mistaken in the man.'

'Then you are positive that it is the man who ordered the key at your shop on the day in question?'

'I think he is.'

'O you only think he is,' said the attorney, sarcastically. 'Now, do you swear before God and this jury that this is the man you made the key for?'

'No, I cannot.'

It was this testimony that brought hope into the face of the defendant.

The charge to the jury was long and very touching, bringing tears to the eyes of almost every one in the court-room. The jury was out but a few minutes, and as they returned and took their seats every sound was hushed. The prisoner sat, calm and composed, with his mother by his side.

In answer to the judge, the foreman of the jury read the verdict: 'We find the prisoner not guilty of the crime charged.'

That was enough. The cheers that filled the room made the very walls tremble as that young man walked out into the world, free.

Congratulations poured in on every side, and he was the hero of the hour. He published a card in the daily papers, thanking his many friends for standing by him during his long and tiresome trial, and assuring them of his innocence.

A short time after this, the young man visited the city of Chicago. It was when the great Moody and Sankey meetings were held there. One evening he chanced to pass by the place of meeting, and, attracted by the singing, entered. He took a seat in the rear, and listened attentively.

After the meeting he went to his room, and before retiring he knelt down and prayed to God as he had never prayed before. He slept very little that night.

Early the next evening he occupied a front seat in the Moody meeting. He was very much overcome during the evening, and at times wept bitterly. His conscience troubled him. He realized that he was before his Maker, before one who loves a repentant sinner.

At the close of the meeting he went to the great evangelist, and there told the story of his crime. He was guilty before God, though the world had proved him innocent.

On the advice of Mr. Moody he returned at once to his native city, and there gave himself up to the authorities. He had been acquitted on the charge of burglary, but was rearrested for perjury, and a time set for his trial.

He then went to visit his mother in a neighboring village; and what a meeting that was! His mother embraced her darling boy, wept over him, and thanked God that she had such a brave son.

A great part of the money was returned, but before the time for trial arrived the young man took sick, and, after a lingering illness, he died. He left this earth a reformed man and a Christian, fully assured that God had forgiven him.—'Golden Rule.'

DOLL COMPETITION.

Prizes Awarded.

FIRST GROUP.

First Prize—Emma Marven, Midland, N.B.

Second Prize—Gladys G. MacEdward, Sarnia, Ont.

SECOND GROUP.

First Prize—Mabel Marven, Midland, N.B.

Second Prize—Grace B. Fraser, Cushing, Que.

THIRD GROUP.

First Prize—Bessie Green, Woodstock, Ont.

Second Prize—Winifred M. Weeks, Alberton, P. E. I.

In judging these dolls, it was with difficulty that the judges refrained from putting some of them down for a first prize at first sight, so extremely dainty and sweet were they. But it was only after having undressed all the dolls that could possibly compete for first or second places, examining their clothes carefully and separately, that the prizes were finally awarded. A good many of these did not fail of a prize through any untidiness or indeed for any reason except that the clothes of some of the prize dolls were wonderfully made. In other cases, though the work on the prize doll was not so unusual or so very much better than the work on the doll which came next in merit, there was much more of it, and both dolls being dressed with equally good taste, the one whose clothes represented the most work naturally carried off the prize. For these reasons it is a pleasure to speak very highly of some of the dolls that did not win prizes, and to give to them whatever honor there may be in being described first, for they well deserve very

FIRST GROUP.

GRACIE—FIRST PRIZE DOLL.

Gracie wears a very sensible dark blue travelling dress, the skirt of which is neatly finished at the bottom with a braid. The seams of the skirt, too, are all nicely bound. Gracie brings with her the daintiest little night-dress that one could possibly imagine, with turned up cuffs and turned down collar and all trimmed with a tiny edge of embroidery made expressly for the tiny gown. She is sent by Emma Marven, who is sixteen years old, all the way from Midland, New Brunswick, but she probably did not find the journey a dreary one, as she had a most charming companion, all dressed in pink, named Elsie.

Truly wonderful specimens of workmanship are the white clothes belonging to both Gracie and Elsie. Not only are they made with a neatness that could not be excelled by a grown-up person, however skilful, but they are as complete as any little girl's clothes could be made. All the clothes that most people would ever think of putting on dolls are found on these two, and besides these, Gracie and Elsie are supplied with tiny waists which fit exactly and fasten with wee buttons and the smallest and neatest buttonholes that one could well imagine. The hems of these little waists and the hems of all the other white clothes, though neat enough to be a pretty finish of themselves, are all ornamented with tiny embroidery. Yokes are very hard to put on neatly—especially such tiny ones, and straight bands are comparatively easily managed, but where yokes are better, yokes are found in these clothes. Tucks, too, are hard to make even and neat, but no tucks could be more even or more neat than the ones Gracie and Elsie know about. Another thing that is extremely hard to do is to put both insertion and lace at the bottom of a petticoat, one about an inch from the other, but this has been beautifully done in Elsie's petticoat.

Very proud indeed will the little girl be who has either Gracie or Elsie to show to her friends, but prouder still will she be when she undresses her treasure to put her to bed, for a great deal of this beautiful work cannot be seen at all until the dolls are quite undressed.

CORINNE—SECOND PRIZE DOLL.

Corinne came with a little note to wish her new owner a Merry Christmas. Her clothes are all beautifully fresh and well ironed, and her night-dress is so pretty and so neatly made that whoever takes charge of her will probably be tempted to leave it on till late in the day sometimes. Corinne was sent from Sarnia by Gladys G. McEdwards.

SECOND GROUP.

ELSIE—FIRST PRIZE DOLL.

Elsie's pretty pink dress is as fresh and sweet as any pink could possibly be. She was sent by Emma Marven's younger sister, Mabel. Mabel's work on Elsie's clothes is more particularly mentioned with the description of her sister's doll above.

GRACIE FRASER—SECOND PRIZE DOLL.

Any one would love little Gracie Fraser. No one could be nicer. She has such a sweet little face and her dress and cape and Tam o' Shanter are just the pretty, dainty, well-made things that one would expect a dainty little maiden like Gracie to have. Her little blue crocheted shoes to match her dress are cleverly done, and her underclothes are also well made. This doll comes from Cushing, Que., and was dressed entirely by a little girl only twelve years old, Gracie B. Fraser.

THIRD GROUP.

GRACIE III.—FIRST PRIZE DOLL.

Gracie III. has some pretty colors about her clothes. The red lining of her neatly made cape goes well with the pretty green of her dress and the outside of her cape. Gracie III. wears a comfortable velveteen bonnet and brings with her a white night dress trimmed with plenty of lace.

DORRIE—SECOND PRIZE DOLL.

Dorrie came all the way from Alberton, P.E.I. She was dressed by Winnifred M. Weeks (eight years old), and the sewing and neatness of the clothes altogether would have done credit to a much older seamstress.

OTHER DOLLS.

Other dolls were sent in by Nellie M. Wolfe, N.S.; Jean Brown, Ont.; Muriel Wilson, Montreal; Maude Dodds, Winnipeg; Edythe Wilson, Montreal; Nellie Alma McDougall, Que.; Madge E. Dougall, Montreal; Henriette Grimsdale, Que.; Bertha Shortread, Hillsdale; Lena E. Franye, Ont.; Ruth Miller, Montreal; Edna Given, Ont.; Jessie Durocher, Que.; Annie Kennedy, Ont.; Lesly Muir, Montreal; Rose Williams, Ont.; Gladys L. Woodbury, N. S.; Hazel Bond, Que.; Winifred May Banks, Montreal; Annie Doyle, Owen Sound; Allison Stark, Owen Sound; Ruth Campbell Pillborough, Montreal; Maggie M. McClean, Que.; Lillie Lunan, Que.; Ethel Cleland, Clyde; Margaret Ellen Walker, Ont.; Bessie Ward, Ont.; Isabella Helena Young, Que.; Jamesina Moore, N. S.; Annie Elizabeth Crowell, N.S.; Violet Merrick, Madalena Pavey, Ont.; Bella McKenzie, Ont.; Amanda Shepherd, N. S.; Ethel May Jarett, Ont.; Myrtle L. Shaw, B. C.; Sadie Magown, Montreal; Maggie Isabella McDonald, N. S.; Josephine Mekrill, Nellie Smith, Dora Campbell Baylis, Montreal; Mary E. Crabtree, Elizabeth Drysdale, Ont.; Florence Dowse, Muriel Dudley, Halifax; Bertha E. Gray, Ont.; Jeannetta McDiardmid, M. Jessie Clark, Ont.; Allice E. Pennington, Ont.; Elsie D. M. Lamb, Ont.;

These dolls have all been cordially welcomed to their new homes and we hope before long to hear from some of their new owners who received them with such delight.

Will the girls who won prizes, and who have a choice of prizes according to the announcement of the competition, please write to let us know which prize they choose?

Any 'Messenger' subscriber may see a fuller account of the dolls (including the pictures of some of them) than could be found room for in this paper by sending for the copies of the 'Witness' containing the Doll Competition columns. We shall be glad to send these copies free to any 'Messenger' subscriber asking for them who sends his address, clearly written, to

Editor Boys' Page,
'Witness' Office,
Montreal.

Little Folks.

Molly and Meg.

'I am tired!' said Molly, rushing into mother's room one afternoon; 'but we've had a lovely time, haven't we, Meg?'

'Oh, yes, mother,' cried Meg, 'it has been just beautiful; and we're going again another day, and you will let us, won't you, mother dear?'

'Stop, little ones,' said mother. 'You forget that I don't know yet where you've been, or how you've spent your half-holiday. Tell me all about it first, and then ask your questions.'

'Well, mother,' began Molly, 'it was this way. We were talking over what you told us this morning, about trying every day to make somebody happy, and we thought we should like to try it, so we wondered who we could start with. Then we thought of little Willie and Peggy Mearns, whose mother is so ill, and who hardly ever seem to get any nice things in their lives like we do, so we went down to their house to see if we could do anything to make them a bit happy. When we got there we heard someone crying, so Meg opened the door very softly and peeped in.'

'And there, mother,' put in Meg, 'were the two poor mites sitting on the floor, with a few old toys, and a dirty, broken dolls' house, which Willie had just broken, and little Peggy was crying as if her heart was broken too. So in we went and tried to cheer them up a bit. Molly washed their faces and tidied them, whilst I cleared up the room. Then we found their old mail cart, got them in, and wheeled them off into the fields. We met their father on the way, and he did seem pleased to see them looking so clean and so smiling. He was quite glad the children were out, and said ever so many times how grateful he was to us for fetching them. Poor Mrs. Mearns is very little better, and her sister, who is staying there to nurse her, has no time to look after the children, so they just have to play by themselves indoors, and get along the best way they can.'

'You would have laughed, Mummy,' here cried Molly, 'to have seen those dear mites' faces when we showed them how to make daisy-chains, and trimmed their hats with buttercups. They just screamed with delight, and made a long, long chain all by themselves to take home for their mother. Then we played with them for some time, and taught them some new games, until they were really worn out with tiredness. Then we took them home again, and I played with the children, whilst Meg helped their auntie to get the tea laid. Dear old Meg made the table look quite smart with our bunches of flowers in little jars, and all arranged so nicely. After tea we said good-bye to the dear mites, and promised them we'd go again sometime soon, and mend up their dolls' house for them.'

'Your plan is lovely, mother,' said Meg, 'and we're going to try it every day we live. I'm just longing to start again to-morrow, and find somebody or other to make a bit happier.'

'Well, my darlings,' gently put in mother, as she looked fondly at the two bright faces of her little daughters, 'I am very glad you have remembered our morning's talk so effectually, and I'm sure you have made a good start this afternoon. Try again to-morrow, and every day, as you say you will, and you will then be certain to do the work God sent you into the world to do; that is, to make your own small corner a little the better and happier for your presence in it.'—'Adviser.'

Algie's Climb.

There it came, tumbling down, white as milk in the sunlight; leaping from boulder to boulder, playing at leapfrog over them, hiding behind the tufts of ferns, then springing into the sunlight again—sometimes in one broad silver band, sometimes in half a dozen tiny streamlets that curled and frolicked as they tumbled after the rest.

Little Algie was only five years old, and he used to sit in front of the farmhouse door looking up at the great, great mountain, and wondering what it was like at the top.

Sometimes it looked purple and dark, then all at once it brightened into patches of emerald and yellow,

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON IV.—Jan. 24.

The Lame Man Healed.

Acts iii., 1-16.

(Read the whole chapter. Commit vs. 13-16.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.—Acts iii., 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 8 : 41-56.—The Sick Woman Healed.
T. Mark 10 : 46-52.—Blind Bartimeus Healed.
W. Acts 3 : 1-16.—The Lame Man Healed.
Th. Acts 14 : 1-18.—The Impotent Man Healed.
F. Isa. 35 : 1-10.—'Then Shall the Lame Leap.'
S. Matt. 10 : 1-20.—The Apostles Commanded to Heal.
S. John 14 : 1-14.—Jesus' All-prevailing Name.

LESSON STORY.

One day as Peter and John were going together to the temple to pray, they saw a poor lame man sitting at the gate called Beautiful. This man had been lame ever since he was born, and had to be carried every day to the temple gate, where he sat and begged from those who went up to the services. When this man saw Peter and John he asked them to give him something. Then Peter and John stood in front of him and said, 'Look on us.' And he looked up at them earnestly, expecting perhaps a few coppers, but Peter said to him, I have no money, no silver or gold, but I give you what I have; then seeing that the man believed him and had faith, he said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.' And Peter took his hand and lifted him up, and Jesus gave strength to the poor, weak ankles and feet which had never walked, and for the first time in all his forty years the man stood on his feet and walked and leaped, praising God for his wonderful healing. And all the people saw him walking and praising God, and they knew that he was the same man who had for so long sat at the temple gate unable to take a step. They were amazed at this sudden change, and were filled with wonder and excitement, and ran and crowded round Peter and John, clamoring for an explanation. They were in Solomon's porch, and when Peter saw how the people came crowding around, he spoke to them about Jesus and how it was faith in His name which made this man strong and well.

LESSON HYMN.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

LESSON HINTS.

Peter and John went up together—Jesus had sent forth his disciples by twos (Mark vi., 7; Luke x., 1). It generally produces more than twice as much good for two to go together than one alone to carry the glad tidings of salvation, for one should always be praying while the other speaks.

'The hour of prayer'—the disciples still attended the daily services in the temple, though they doubtless had their own hours for Christian worship. The ninth hour was three o'clock in the afternoon.

A lame man is a common sight in the East. Travellers tell us that the streets are still filled with beggars of all descriptions, mostly maimed in some way. There were no hospitals or charitable institutions where these poor people could be looked after, so that they had to beg in the street.

He sat 'at the gate of the temple': here was a chance to do good by the way. 'Seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple'—and knowing that religious people are likely to be generous, 'asked an alms,' a small gift. 'Peter, fastening his eyes upon him,' compelling his interest and making him expectant, said, 'Silver and gold have I none'—if he had had any money he had given it to the Church. 'Such as I have give I thee'; he was one of 'the poor of this world, rich in faith,' 'as poor, yet making many rich'—he had true riches, the riches of the Holy Spirit. 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk' (R.V.). The man must have had faith in the name or he would not have attempted to rise. Peter 'took him by the right hand,' giving him practical help, 'and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength,' by the power of Jesus Christ. 'He, leaping up, stood' (Isa. xxxv., 6), 'praising God,' he knew that the apostles could not have done this in their own power.

'All the people'—it was the prayer hour, and the temple was full of those who had come to worship, 'and they knew it was he'—they could not help recognizing him. The man 'held Peter and John, and all the people ran unto them,' to find out how this wonderful thing had come to pass. The porch was called Solomon's, probably because it was built on an artificial hill made by King Solomon.

Peter said, 'Why marvel ye at this?' He at once began to tell the people of the power of Jesus, and to direct their thoughts away from himself to the Saviour; the true follower of Jesus points ever to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.'

Peter goes on to show how, though they had done it ignorantly, still they had denied and crucified the Prince of Life, God's Son, Jesus, and that God had raised Jesus from the dead, to which fact the apostles were constantly witnessing, and that faith in the name of Jesus had made this man perfectly strong. He urges them to 'repent and be converted,' for the same power which had healed the lame man would heal and cleanse their hearts.

Suggested Hymns—'The Great Physician,' 'What means this eager?' 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' 'Wilt thou be made whole?' 'I have a Saviour,' 'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,' 'Take the name of Jesus with you.'

Search Questions.

These questions will be given weekly, and answers should be sent in once a month. The answers for the preceding weeks to be mailed on or before the first Saturday of each month, that a monthly honor roll may be published. Those who answer these questions must have no help farther than a reference Bible and Concordance, and will kindly answer the questions as shortly as possible.

All answers to be addressed: 'Search Questions,' Editor 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal. These questions begin in this number, and will be continued through the year in connection with the Sunday-school lessons in the Book of Acts. At the end of the year prizes will be given to the two competitors who have sent in the best answers to the Search Questions during the year.

These prizes will consist of handsome Bibles, with maps, references, notes, etc. The count for the prize will begin from the first lesson in February, the answers to be mailed the first Saturday of March.

We hope that a great number of our readers will take pleasure in finding out and sending in the answers to these questions.

1. At what hours did the Jews go up to the temple to pray?

2. Tell how another lame man was healed.

3. Where are silver and gold first mentioned in the Bible?

4. What does the Psalmist say is more precious than gold?

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

Jan. 24—Our failures and successes.—Luke v., 1-11. (A question-box meeting suggested.)

Hints to Teachers.

('Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.')

Keep within the vocabulary of your pupils. There can be no teaching without a medium of communication between teacher and pupil. This medium must be common to both. Never use words the pupil does not understand. Remember that the pupil's vocabulary, especially in the lower grade, is very limited. There will, of course, be times when words will be used that the pupil does not understand. They must always be explained. You accomplish a double purpose in this—namely, you enlarge the pupil's vocabulary and teach, at the same time, a new truth. See that the pupil knows the meaning of every word in the text of the lesson; then that he knows the meaning of all the words you use in asking questions. A teacher once (who was also a preacher) was teaching (?) the parable of the Prodigal Son to a class of boys, and when he came to the 'husks that the swine did eat,' he asked this question, 'Boys, are you of opinion that the customary aliments of swine are congenial to the digestive apparatus of the genus homo?' A grunt with a rising inflection was the only response he got from the class.

Primary Teaching.

(By Harriet L. Shoemaker.)

There is no denying that the primary teacher without a room to herself is most seriously handicapped. Her first effort, then, should be to find out the resources of her environment, to see if something cannot be made out of nothing, and a room improvised.

I know a girl whose situation was as unpromising as it could well be. But there was an abandoned choir-loft at the back of the country church where she taught—a place full of cast-off seats and remnants of past usefulness. When she proposed holding her class there, the superintendent scorned such a notion; but her perseverance finally succeeded in getting a space cleared large enough for her little folks. That, with all its inconveniences, was infinitely more satisfactory than teaching downstairs in a crowded room. I may add, in passing, that, by the gift of a summer visitor, that teacher has now a beautifully equipped class-room. It did not come, however, till long after she had battled with adverse fortune in the old gallery.

But all schoolrooms will not yield treasure on demand, as in her case. Sometimes an accommodating neighbor will give the use of a room near enough to the church for the primary class to retire to it after assembling with the adults. If this plan is impracticable, there is generally one remaining device for securing privacy—to gather the class behind all others in a corner, and to enclose that corner with screens.

The enclosing screens may be very plain. Two ordinary large clothes-horses, covered with dark calico, will answer every purpose. A row of nails along the top will hang the picture-roll, etc. A piece of flexible blackboard cloth, hemmed at bottom and top, and stiffened by two sticks, may be attached to the screen by rings or cords at both top and bottom. It will not be perfectly steady, but it is a great deal better than no board, and has the advantage of being easily removed after the lesson.

Behind the screen the problem of teaching in the main room is almost solved. Of course, there can be no singing, but a great many of the simpler motion exercises can be quietly carried on. For instance, they can repeat Miss Havergal's 'Consecration Hymn' without disturbing the other classes. In fact, motion exercises can be used without the screen, if the class is in its proper place—behind all the others. Each child can be taught to speak gently, while every voice contributes to the whole volume of sound, just as the skilful leader of a chorus can command a pianissimo passage—a mere breath of music—from five hundred singers, each adding his whisper.

When the screen is an impossibility, and therefore no single blackboard can be used, each child may be given a slate for himself. This plan involves extra work on the teacher's part, but it attracts each one of the class, and fixes the lesson when he helps teach himself by means of a slate.

In learning a new text, it sometimes helps to give each child a different word of it, and then to call for the words in order. This and the repetition of verses in concert by at least three or four children can be done in the quietest of adult rooms.

But, after all is said, we come back to the truth with which we began, that teaching in a common class-room is most difficult. After you have carefully utilized the resources of your particular work-place, if there is no next-door house to borrow, and if screens and blackboards are a vain fancy, then use slates and such motion exercises and concert recitations as you can. Make a sand map on the ground outside the church some pleasant day. Work on with a good courage, remembering what stupendous results have been achieved by our forefathers in the faith, who taught the word of God with far less of material equipment than belongs to the poorest modern Sunday-schools. — 'Sunday-School Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

No Time.

A busy man, recently approached upon the subject of religion, said: 'I really have no time to spare from my business for religion. I wish I could get time, and hope to do so in a few years from now.' This very same answer is so often given by the careless and the indifferent that we must tell the following story picked up from some forgotten source. It carries its own moral and will bear repeating:

A pious farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned to their work. The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in his haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

'What does this mean?' cried the husband. 'Why isn't our breakfast ready?'

'I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat.'

'Haven't time to eat! Do you think we can live without eating?'

'You can live without eating as well as you can live without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth.'

'Well, well,' said the farmer, 'get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers every morning, no matter how busy we are nor how many workmen I have.'

She got the breakfast and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten.—'Evangelical Churchman.'

Reading Aloud.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the 'Arabian Nights' of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening, absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her book or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family to pass the hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because 'it would disturb papa.' Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away?

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye, which rapidly skims a page, and the words that are read aloud will remain fixed in the mind in many cases where the mere reading of them in silence would leave but an ephemeral impression.—'Christian Work.'

Maternal Responsibility.

The woman who works should remember that her children need her first of all—need her more than anything else in all the wide world, and she has no right to put anything between herself and them, whether it be a mountain of work, an ocean of selfishness or—a grave.

Give the children bread and butter to eat, plain clothes to wear, a simple home to live in, but let them have their mother.

Do you know any of the children who run about the neighborhood because mother is too busy to notice? The clothes and the table and the house are above reproach, but the children?

Yes, I know you have to work; so do I. I fail, too, in my duty, many and many a time, so do you. But all the same, my sister, you can do with less work.

The house ought to be cosy, pleasant and clean, the food wholesome and the family garments comfortable, but the trouble is that you aim farther than just that. You attempt to go beyond what is necessary, and so in many instances nothing is accomplished. You have lost your time and your labor and—who shall say what beside?

Common sense, next to Christian love, is what we want, my sisters, in this world—is what we need most. When you come to think of it, we have precious little of this commodity.

We have no right to injure the bodies that God permits us to use, for a while. Why, they belong to him! And there are the little bodies that are placed in our special care. What of these?

And if our bodies belong to God, what of the intellect—the soul? Ah, I tell you, these are questions that we must look squarely in the face. We are not beasts of burden—not dumb driven cattle, but we are actually and truly the children of the King. No task that He has set us can be unworthy, but in the task we must not forget the taskmaster.

In this matter of work each woman must make her own laws. She must be wise in choosing the real duties and in setting aside such things as have by practice and custom come to be accounted necessary. One mode may suit you, quite a different one your neighbor.—'Womankind.'

Cocoanut Cake.

One cupful of sugar.
One tablespoonful of melted butter.
One-half cupful of sweet milk.
One egg.
One cupful of flour.
One rounding teaspoonful of baking powder.

After it is put into the pan sprinkle a little coarse sugar and shredded cocoanut over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, carefully watching the top that it does not scorch.

Sponge Cake.

Two eggs; beat the yolks with one-half cupful of sugar. Beat the whites and add to the yolks with another one-half cupful of sugar.

One large cupful of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been thoroughly sifted. Add one-half cupful of warm water last. Stir up quickly and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Date Cake.

One cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, beaten with the molasses until light; one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted drippings, one-half cupful of warm water, and flour enough to make rather a thick batter. Add last one cupful of chopped dates, which have been dusted with flour. Bake in a sheet.—'Housekeeper.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

Great Strides Forward.

For the four consecutive weeks ending Dec. 26, the circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' increased by one thousand each week. During the week just finished the circulation has increased by two thousand, thus making the total increase since the change seven thousand.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'